THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, March 18, 1793.

INTERESTING TRIALS.

GUILDHALL, LONDON, March 1.

Sittings before Lord Kenyon, and a Special Jury of Merchants.

BOLLAND *against* BARRET.

THIS action was brought by Mr. Bolland, who is a callico-printer and wholesale linen-draper, in Cheapside, against the defendant, Mr. Barret, in order to recover the sum of 75l. 10s. for goods sold and delivered in the year 1784.

These goods were India cottons, and, according to the evidence of the plaintiff's brother, were in a very imperfect state, and were sold by him, with all faults, to a Mr. Bessen, who had some time ago become a bankrupt, but in 1784 was in partnership with the defendant. This gentleman came to the plaintiff's warehouse and examined these goods before they were sent home. They were 26 pieces at 58s. per piece.

On the part of the defendant it was proved, these cottons were not only disfigured and discoloured, that there were holes and rents in them, but that the general texture of the cloth was *rotten*, and therefore ought to have been taken back.

Several witnesses were called to prove, that by the custom of the trade, the phrase *with all faults*, only applied to accidental holes, rents, and discolourations, but that the term did not extend to rotten; so that, according to this acceptation of these words, *rottenness* was not a fault.

When the noble and learned Judge heard the evidence on both ſides, he and the gentlemen of the Jury were clear the plaintiff was entitled to recover, and accordingly they found a verdict for the plaintiff for 75l. 10s.

Campbell *verſus* Hook.

Crim. Con.

THIS was an action, tried in the Court of King's Bench, for criminal converſation had by the defendant with the plaintiff's wife. The criminality was proved beyond the ſhadow of doubt, and it was extremely aggravated by the ſituation and connexion of the parties. The plaintiff's wife is niece to the defendant, and at the time of the ſeduction was only ſixteen years old. Mr. Campbell having had occaſion to go to the Eaſt Indies, he put his wife under the care of her mother, (ſiſter to the defendant,) and Major Hook, the defendant. In his abſence, the Major uſed every improper and ſcandalous art to debauch her. His ſervant proved that he bought the moſt infamous books and prints, which he gave her; and gave ſuch evidence to the Jury, that they did not heſitate a moment to give a verdict for the plaintiff, with 3000l. damages. We muſt be excuſed detailing the particular facts to the public, which can do no good, and may be of injury to the riſing generation.

Gordon *verſus* Mathews.

DURING the courſe of the laſt trial, the indignation of all preſent was rouſed againſt the ſeducer of innocence and virtue; when this cauſe was gone through, it was equally excited—not againſt the defendant, but againſt the plaintiff. On the very night after the act of criminality, which was known to the plaintiff, he ſlept cordially with his wife. It was made apparent to the Court and Jury, that the whole tranſaction took place by his contrivance, in concert with his wife. He was nonſuited.

ECCLESIASTICAL

ECCLESIASTICAL COURT.

MARTIN, ESQ. *versus* MARTIN.

CRIM. CON.

MARCH 4 was heard and determined, in the Ecclesiastical Court, a suit instituted by J. Martin, Esq. against Elizabeth Martin, his wife, to obtain a divorce *a mensa et thoro* for adultery with John Petrie, Esq.

It appeared, that Mr. and Mrs. Martin were married in the year 1777, and had nine children, three of whom are still living; that they lived together with great affection and harmony, which was not interrupted till about the year 1789; at which period the Lady, who was then at Paris, became acquainted with Mr. Petrie, a gentleman of considerable fortune.

The principal witness in support of the suit was John Casteaux, a servant of Mr. Martin; he said that his master being detained in Ireland upon the business of an election longer than he expected, sent him with a letter to Paris, directed for his lady, who was then in that city. In this letter she was requested to come to Ireland; she read a few lines only of the letter, and carelessly threw it down; this conduct the witness accounted for the next day, when he saw Mr. Petrie, to whom Mrs. Martin shewed the letter, and who appeared to be more familiar with her than was consistent with conjugal fidelity.—Anxious for his master's honour, and having a reasonable ground to suspect the chastity of his mistress, he was determined to be vigilant to effect a discovery; accordingly he kept a watchful eye upon her conduct, and in a few days afterwards discovered her in bed with Mr. Petrie. He stated several other circumstances that went to prove an adulterous intercourse between the parties.

Several other witnesses corroborated John Casteaux as to the fact of adultery, and stated that Mrs. Martin had slept with Mr. Petrie at several different houses both in France and England; she appeared to have had a child by him.

The learned Judge said the evidence warranted him to declare, that he entertained very little doubt but the lady had committed adultery with Mr. Petrie. The evidence of Casteaux was sensible, discreet, and perspicuous. The fact of adultery was fully corroborated by other witnesses, and therefore he pronounced a sentence of separation from bed and board, during the natural lives of the parties.

Monthly Agricultural Report for February, 1793.

THE latter part of the month turning out dry and fine, the lands have worked generally well for latter beans, and early ſowings of oats and barleys. From the extreme mildneſs of the ſeaſon, the forward wheats, upon ſtrong, rich ſoils, are too evidently winter-proud; but, upon poor wet lands, their appearance is in the other extreme. The plants, however, throughout the iſland, are more promiſing than were generally expected. The embargo, ſo ſalutarily laid on the corn exportations from theſe kingdoms, has kept the prices from being exorbitant and diſtreſſing to our own people.

The farmers on the Northern Coaſt, and in Scotland, who are generally ſupplied with ſeed from Mark-lane, are relieved from great embarraſſments, by the embargo at length being taken off their coaſting veſſels, in which all their clovers and other ſeeds have long been ſhipped for their Lent corn ſowing.

All the ſpring-ſeed plants are luxurious to a degree. To this, and the ſtill abundant crops of turnips and cole-ſeed, may be attributed the moderate price of beef and mutton, at Smithfield, at this dear ſeaſon of the year.—Pork and veal ſtill remain ſcarce, and conſequently high priced.

The lambing ſeaſon, upon ſound walks, has been very productive, particularly in the Dorſet and South Down flocks.

Lean cattle, both Scotch and Welch, are reaſonable. The ſpring mart, on Epping foreſt, is already abundantly ſupplied.

We are ſorry to cloſe our monthly detail, by ſtating, that the rot among the fat, as well as lean ſheep, in Lincolnſhire, and farther to the North ſtill continues; and that the loſſes, on this occaſion, have been immenſe. Theſe, we fear, will be generally felt, as the ſpring advances.

Mr. Fox's Reaſons for oppoſing a War with France.

[From a Letter juſt publiſhed by him, and addreſſed to the Electors of Weſtminſter.]

IF we or our ally have ſuffered injury or inſult, or if the independence of Europe be menaced by inordinate and ſucceſsful ambition, I know no means of preſerving peace but by obtaining reparation for the injury, ſatisfaction for the inſult, or ſecurity againſt the deſign, which we apprehend; and I know

know no means of obtaining any of these objects but by addressing ourselves to the power of whom we complain.

If the exclusive navigation of the Scheldt, or any other right belonging to the States General, has been invaded, the French Executive Council are the invaders, and of them we must ask redress. · If the rights of neutral nations have been attacked by the decree of the 19th of November, the National Convention of France have attacked them, and from that Convention, through the organ by which they speak to foreign courts and nations, their Minister for Foreign Affairs, we must demand explanation, disavowal, or such other satisfaction as the case may require. If the manner in which the same Convention have received and answered some of our countrymen, who have addressed them, be thought worthy notice, precisely of the same persons, and in the same manner, must we demand satisfaction upon that head also. If the security of Europe, by any conquests made or apprehended, be endangered to such a degree as to warrant us, on the principles as well of justice as of policy, to enforce by arms a restitution of conquests already made, or a renunciation of such as may have been projected, from the Executive Power of France; in this instance again, must we ask such restitution, or such renunciation. How all, or any of these objects could be attained, but by negociation, carried on by authorized Ministers, I could not conceive. I knew, indeed, that there were some persons, whose notions of dignity were far different from mine, and who, in that point of view, would have preferred a clandestine to an avowed negociation; but I confess I thought this mode of proceeding neither honourable nor safe; and, with regard to some of our complaints, wholly impracticable. Not honourable, because, to seek private and circuitous channels of communication, seems to suit the conduct rather of such as sue for a favour, than of a great nation which demands satisfaction. Not safe, because neither a declaration from an unauthorized agent, nor a mere gratuitous repeal of the decrees complained of, (and what more could such a negociation aim at?) would afford us any security against the revival of the claims which we oppose; and, lastly, impracticable with respect to that part of the question which regards the security of Europe, because such security could not be provided for by the repeal of a decree, or any thing that might be the result of a private negociation, but could only be obtained by a formal treaty, to which the existing French government must of necessity be a party; and I know of no means by which it can become a party to such a treaty,

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or to any treaty at all, but by a Minifter publicly authorized, and publicly received. Upon thefe grounds, and with thefe views, as a fincere friend to peace, I thought it my duty to fuggeft what appeared to me, on every fuppofition, the moft eligible, and, if certain points were to be infifted upon, the only means of preferving that invaluable bleffing.

But I had ftill a further motive; and, if peace could not be preferved, I confidered the meafure which I recommended as highly ufeful in another point of view. To declare war is, by the conftitution, the prerogative of the King; but to grant or withhold the means of carrying it on, is (by the fame conftitution) the privilege of the people, through their reprefentatives; and upon the people at large, by a law paramount to all conftitutions, the law of nature and neceffity, muft fall the burdens and fufferings, which are the too fure attendants upon that calamity. It feems therefore reafonable, that they who are to pay and to fuffer, fhould be diftinctly informed of the object for which war is made; and I conceived nothing would tend to this information fo much as an avowed negociation; becaufe from the refult of fuch a negociation, and by no other means, could we, with any degree of certainty, learn how far the French were willing to fatisfy us in all, or any of the points, which have been publicly held forth as the grounds of complaint againft them. If in none of thefe any fatisfactory explanation were given, we fhould all admit, provided our original grounds of complaint were juft, that the war would be fo too:—if in fome, we fhould know the fpecific fubjects upon which fatisfaction was refufed, and have an opportunity of judging whether or not they were a rational ground for difpute:—if in all, and a rupture were neverthelefs to take place, we fhould know that the public pretences were not the real caufes of the war.

Interefting Letter from Thomas Bowdler, Efq. to the Right Hon. Earl Bathurft, concerning the Eftablifhment for the French Clergy in his Majefty's Houfe at Winchefter.

[Publifhed at the requeft of the Committee for relief of the fuffering French Refugee Clergy.]

MY LORD, *Bath, Feb.* 8, 1793.

HAVING fpent three days at Winchefter, I fend you, agreeable to your requeft, an account of the eftablifhment

ment for the French Clergy. The King's Houſe, which has been allotted for their reſidence, is a building well calculated for the purpoſe. It ſtands in an airy healthy ſituation; the rooms are ſpacious and lofty; they have been lately white-waſhed and look clean. The furniture conſiſts of a bed for each perſon, ſome benches or wooden ſtools, and a table. There are at preſent 221 Prieſts in the houſe; 30 rooms have been prepared for them, and from five to nine perſons are lodged in each room, according to its ſize.

I viſited the kitchen at dinner-time, both on Saturday and Sunday. On the former, the dinner conſiſted of ſoup-maigre, and ſalt fiſh; on the latter, of ſoup and bouillé. I taſted all the proviſions, and found them, not of the fineſt and moſt expenſive kind, but wholeſome, and ſuch as no perſon ſhould object to. The buſineſs of the kitchen was ſuperintended, and indeed, performed by ſome of the Prieſts. It ſeemed to be conducted with great regularity and propriety. A meſs was ſent to each room, proportioned to the number of perſons in it. At my firſt viſit, I was diſpoſed to think that the quantity of proviſions was too ſmall; but on further enquiry into the weight, I was ſatisfied that it was ſufficient, and that it was very properly regulated ſo as to ſupply what is neceſſary, at the ſame time it leaves no poſſibility of waſte or profuſion. After dinner I went into the different rooms, and converſed a good deal with many of the Prieſts. I was happy to obſerve a general appearance of health and contentment: I aſked them if every thing was good?—"Excellent."—Were they ſatisfied with their ſituation?—"They ſhould be very ungrateful if they were not."—Was the agent attentive?—"Very polite, very attentive, and very ready to do every thing that depended upon him."

After ſuch general queſtions as theſe, I made a particular enquiry concerning every circumſtance which I could recollect, that related to their preſent ſituation. I was the more minute with regard to their proviſions, as I had heard it reported that they had made complaints, and ſpoken very improperly on the ſubject. I can aſſure your Lordſhip, from my own obſervation, and from the teſtimony, of all the perſons whom I have ſpoken to at Wincheſter, that theſe reports are wholly groundleſs. After ſpending ſome time in the different rooms, I viſited the Abbe Martin, who has the ſuperintendance of the Houſe. I paſſed between two and three hours with him, very much to my ſatisfaction; I found him a ſenſible and amiable man; he expreſſed, in ſtronger terms than I can do to your Lordſhip,

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his gratitude to the English nation in general, and to the Committee in particular. He said also, that he should not do justice to the Clergy if he did not add, that they were truly sensible of the unparalleled kindness they had experienced; for which they could make no return but by their prayers and good conduct; like the other priests, he spoke very highly of the agent.

I should add too much to the length of this letter, if I were to describe to your Lordship all that I felt from this very interesting visit. Let me sum up the whole with assuring you, that the Establishment appears to me to be so well regulated, that I am really surprized that the Committee has been able, in so short a time, to put it on so good a system. The Priests are supplied with what is necessary, but with nothing more; and, as far as I am able to judge, every thing is conducted in the most economical manner§. All this pleased me; but I felt greater satisfaction in being convinced, as I now am, that the publick benevolence is bestowed on persons who are truly deserving of it. They spoke of their banishment from France, and the loss of their property, with the feelings of men; but at the same time, with the piety and resignation of Christians.

I hardly recollect any instance, in which I mentioned the sufferings they had endured, without being interrupted by very strong expressions of gratitude for the comfortable asylum they had found. In short, in whatever light I consider the business, I confess that I have very seldom examined any establishment, from visiting which I have received so much satisfaction. One painful reflection does indeed occur, and I cannot help considering it in a very serious light—what is to become of these men, if the subscription fail before any plan can be adopted for their permanent support? The sending a considerable number to Canada has, indeed been suggested; and it would perhaps be impossible to point out any better mode of providing for them; but even this will be attended with expence, and cannot be carried into full effect till the return of those persons who have been sent to that country to make enquiries concerning the expediency of the measure.

In the mean time, there are between two and three thousand French Priests in England and Jersey, who will in 6 weeks be literally without bread, unless the subscription for their support is continued with the same liberality with which it has been begun. I am sensible that the poor of our own island have the

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§ The weekly expence of each Priest is under six shillings; this includes their diet, washing, coals, candles, and every thing.

first claim to our protection, and I am also sensible that the charity of the publick has already been almost unexampled; but I cannot forget that these Clergymen are men who have given up every thing which they possessed, and every thing to which they looked forward for their future support in this world, rather than abandon their duty to God, by taking an oath which they conceived would be perjury. On such an occasion, and to give food to such deserving persons, I trust that all those who have ability will not scruple to contribute; and that, without encroaching on what may be intended for our own poor, enough may be taken from the superfluity of wealth to give bread to preserve the lives of these friendless Clergymen.

I am, with the greatest respect,
Your Lordship's most truly obedient servant,
THOMAS BOWDLER.

Right Hon. Earl Bathurst.

A Voyage on the Duke of Bridgewater's Canal; with an Account of Manchester and the Cotton Trade.

[From "A Tour from London to the Lakes."]

FROM Warrington we proceeded to the Duke of Bridgewater's canal, sailing over roads and rivers, till we arrived at Worsley, where it enters the earth. In a long narrow boat we are pushed up this subterraneous passage (just wide enough for the boat) above a mile, when we arrive at the place where the colliers are working. Several other passages lead from this principal one into different parts of the mountain, and recesses cut in the rock suffer one boat to pass another. In this singular voyage it is almost impossible to believe one's self in motion—the rocky passage, arched with brick, seems to be flying from you, and makes the head dizzy; and in returning, the distant entrance looks like a bright star. After passing an hour in darkness (only broken by a small taper) the light becomes too brilliant for the eye—every object shines with uncommon splendour, till we repass Barton-bridge, where vessels navigating the Irwell pass under those navigating the canal. This is truly a singular sight! an idea of which might be conceived from supposing a number of sloops sailing along the road part of Westminster-bridge, while others were sailing under it. Manchester now appears—and the prospect changes with every

turn of the canal. The social boat has its compartments like the treckschoots of Holland, where the price is according to the accommodation, and may be open or under cover, as the passenger pleases.

The use of this canal is two-fold. Being on a level with the bed of coal, they are dug and conveyed at so easy an expence, as to be profitable to the owner, and cheap to the consumer—this is one object. The other is, the conveyance of goods and passengers between the populous towns of Manchester and Liverpool. The weirs to carry off superfluous water—the gates by which parts of the canal may be emptied without affecting the rest—the puddled banks impervious to water—the cranes and other mechanical devices about this useful and ingenious work, reflect the highest lustre on the abilities of Brindley, as well as the Duke, who is well known to have been the contriver of many devices in this noble work that are attributed to Brindley.

Manchester is a well-built town—doubled in the size the last thirty years—more than doubled in the number of its inhabitants—and enriched by the cotton manufactory beyond the powers of calculation!—To such perfection has the spinning of cotton by machinery arrived, that I had this incredible circumstance assured to me from one of the first manufacturers in that line, viz. that one pound of raw cotton had (for a wager) been spun into three hundred and fifty-six hanks, each hank containing eight hundred and forty yards; so that the thread produced from this pound of cotton would have reached 169 miles and a fraction of 18 out of 20 parts of another mile. This is much finer than any thread produced in India; and of course, if the cotton of the West was equal to that of the East-Indies, our muslins would exceed those of Indostan. We make out by ingenuity, however, what we want in fineness of material, for the fancy displayed in our printed cottons is unrivalled, and has (with cheapness) established the manufacture beyond that of silk, wool, flax, &c. To enumerate the cotton fabrics under the denomination of velvets, fustians, checks, printed cottons, muslins, &c. would be to count the sands of the sea; and though so much of the business is performed by water machinery, there is still business enough for all ages and numbers, from four years old to fourscore.

To see barren hills and vallies laugh and sing under the influence of an auspicious trade, must give the benevolent heart the most agreeable sensations. Villages swarming with strong, healthy, and beautiful children, well fed, though they may at

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this time of the year despise shoes and stockings, is another instance; for these may be considered as the offspring of trade—handsome country houses on every hill, elegantly furnished, and surrounded by as elegant pleasure grounds—and a great part of the old pulled down to make room for spacious and ornamental mansions—these are thy blessings, O Commerce!—These are thy rewards, O Industry!

The collegiate church of Manchester, a large Gothic pile, is a striking feature in the view of the town, and stands on a bold eminence. The ancient monastery is converted into an excellent free-school—an hospital where sixty boys are educated and maintained—and a library almost equal to the Bodleian, in number of books, rare MSS. and with a fund for adding every thing excellent to it in modern literature. These books are lent out to the inhabitants. The Infirmary, the Exchange, the Theatre, Music-rooms, and the New Jail with solitary cells, are all worthy the inspection of a traveller. Scarce any vestiges remain of the Roman station called Mancania; it is situated at one termination of the town, and of the Duke of Bridgewater's canal.

Mr. Twiss's Account of the tragical Events which happened at Paris on the 10th of August, 1792.

ON Thursday the 9th of August, the legislative body completed the general discontent of the people, (which had been raised the preceding day, by the discharge of every accusation against la Fayette), by appearing to protract the question relative to the King's *decheance* (forfeiture), at a time when there was not a moment to lose, and by not holding any assembly in the evening.

The fermentation increased every minute, in a very alarming manner. The Mayor himself had declared to the representatives of the nation, that he could not answer for the tranquillity of the city after midnight. Every body knew that the people intended at that hour to ring the alarm bell; and to go to the Chateau of the Tuilleries, as it was suspected that the Royal Family intended to escape to Rouen, and it is said many trunks were found packed up and ready for taking away, and that many carriages were seen that afternoon in the court-yard of the Tuilleries.

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At eight in the evening, the *generale* (a sort of beat of drum) was heard in all the sections, the *tocsin* was likewise rung (an alarm, by pulling the bells of the churches, so as to cause the clappers to give redoubled strokes in very quick time. Some bells were struck with large hammers).

All the shops were shut, and also most of the great gates of the hotels; lights were placed in almost every window, and few of the inhabitants retired to their repose: the night passed, however, without any other disturbance; many of the Members of the National Assembly were sitting soon after midnight, and the others were expected. Mr. Petion, the Mayor, had been sent for by the King, and was then in the chateau; the number of members necessary to form a sitting, being completed, the *tribunes* (galleries) demanded and obtained a decree to oblige the chateau to release its prey, the Mayor; he soon after appeared at the bar, and from thence went to the *commune* (mansion-house.)

It was now about six o'clock on Friday morning, (10th) the people of the Fauxbourgs, (suburbs) especially of St. Antoine and St. Marcel, which are parted by the river, assembled together on the Place de la Bastille, and the crowd was so great that 25 persons were squeezed to death. At seven the streets were filled with armed citizens, that is to say, with *federates*, (select persons sent from the provinces to assist at the *federation* or confederacy, held last July 14,) from Marseilles, from Bretagne, with National guards Parisian *sans-culottes*, (without breeches, these people have breeches, but this is the name which has been given to the mob). The arms consisted of guns, with or without bayonets, pistols, sabres, swords, pikes, knives, scythes, saws, iron crows, wooden billets, in short, of every thing that could be used offensively.

A party of these men met a false patrol of 22 men, who, of course, did not know the watch-word. These were instantaneously put to death, their heads cut off and carried about the streets on pikes *(on promena leurs têtes sur des piques)*. This happened in La Place Vendôme; their bodies were still lying there the next day. Another false patrol, consisting of between two and three hundred men, with cannon, wandered all night in the neighbourhood of the Theatre Francais: it is said they were to join a detachment from the battalion of Henry IV. on the Pont-neuf, to cut the throats of Petion and the Marseillois, who were encamped on the Pont St. Michel, (the next bridge to the Pont-neuf) which caused the then acting parish assemblies to order an honorary guard of 400 citizens,

zens, who were to be anſwerable for the liberty and the life of that magiſtrate, then in the Council-Chamber. Mandat, Commander-General of the National Guard, had affronted M. Petion; when he came from the chateau of the Tuilleries to go to the National Aſſembly, he was arreſted and ſent to priſon immediately.

The inſurrection now became general; the Place du Carrouſel (ſquare of the Carouſals, a ſquare in the Tuilleries, ſo called from the magnificent feſtival which Lewis XIV. in 1662, there gave to the Queen and Queen-mother) was already filled; the King had not been in bed; all the night had probably been ſpent in combining a plan of defence, if attacked, or rather of retreat; ſoon after ſeven, the King, the Queen, their two children, (the Dauphin, ſeven years old, and his ſiſter fourteen,) Princeſs Elizabeth, (the King's ſiſter, about fifty years old,) and the Princeſs de Lamballe, croſſed the garden of the Tuilleries, which was ſtill ſhut, eſcorted by the National Guard, and by all the Swiſs, and took refuge in the National Aſſembly, when the Swiſs returned to their poſts in the chateau.

The alarm-bells, which were inceſſantly ringing, the accounts of the carrying heads upon pikes, and the march of almoſt all Paris in arms; the preſence of the King, throwing himſelf, as it were, on the mercy of the legiſlative body; the fierce and determinate look of the galleries; all theſe things together had ſuch an effect on the National Aſſembly, that it immediately decreed the ſuſpenſion of Lewis XVI. which decree was received with univerſal applauſe and clapping.

At this moment a wounded man ruſhed into the Aſſembly, crying, "We are betrayed, to arms, to arms, the Swiſs are firing on the citizens; they have already killed 100 Marſeillois."

This was about nine o'clock. The democrats, that is to ſay, the armed citizens, as before-mentioned, had dragged ſeveral pieces of cannon, ſix and four pounders, into the Carouſal ſquare, and were aſſembled there, on the *quais*, the bridges, and neighbouring ſtreets, in immenſe numbers, all armed; they knew the King was gone to the National Aſſembly, and came to inſiſt on his *decheance* (forfeiture) or reſignation of the throne. All the Swiſs (6 or 700) came out to them, and permitted them to enter into the court-yard of the Tuilleries, to the number of 10,000, themſelves ſtanding in the middle; and when they were peaceably ſmoaking their pipes and drinking their wine, the Swiſs turned back to back, and fired a volley

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on them, by which about 200 were killed*; the women and children ran immediately into the river, up to their necks, many jumping from the parapets and from the bridges, many were drowned, and many were ſhot in the water, and on the baluſtrades of the Pont-royal, from the windows of the gallery of the Louvre.

The populace now became, as it were, mad; they ſeized on five cannon they found in the court-yard, and turned them againſt the Chateau; they planted ſome more cannon on the Pont-royal and in the garden, 22 pieces in all, and attacked the chateau on three ſides at once. The Swiſs continued their fire, and it is ſaid they fired ſeven times to the people's once: the Swiſs had 36 rounds of powder, whereas the people had hardly three or four. Expreſſes were ſent ſeveral miles to the powder-mills, for more ammunition, even as far as Eſſonne, about 21 miles off, on the road to Fontainebleau. The people contrived, however, to diſcharge their 22 cannon nine or ten time†. From nine to twelve the firing was inceſſant; many waggons and carts were conſtantly employed in carrying away the dead to a large excavation, formerly a ſtone quarry, at the back of the new church de la Madeleine de la ville l'Eveque (part of the Fauxbourg St. Honoré, thus called.

Soon after noon the Swiſs had exhauſted all their powder, which the populace perceiving, they ſtormed the Chateau, broke open the doors, and put every perſon they found to the ſword, tumbling the bodies out of the windows into the garden, to the amount, it is ſuppoſed of 2000, having loſt 4000 on their own ſide. Among the ſlain in the Chateau, were, it is aſſerted, about 200 noblemen, and three biſhops; all the furniwas deſtroyed, the looking glaſſes broken; in ſhort nothing left but the bare walls.

Sixty of the Swiſs endeavoured to eſcape through the gardens, but the horſe *(gendarmerie nationale)* rode round by the ſtreet of St. Honoré, and met them full butt at the end of the gardens;

* This is aſſerted on the authority of all the French newſpapers, and of ſeveral eye-witneſſes. It will never be poſſible to know the truth, for the people here ſaid to be the aggreſſors are all ſlain.—Theſe Swiſs had truſted, that they would have been backed by the National Guard, who, on the contrary, took the part of the people, and fired on the Swiſs, (who ran into the Chateau as ſoon as they had diſcharged their pieces,) by which ſeveral were killed.

† The balls did no other damage to the palace than breaking the windows, and leaving impreſſions in the ſtones, perhaps an inch in depth.

gardens; the Swiſs fired, killed five or ſix and twenty horſes, and thirty men, and were then immediately cut to pieces; the people likewiſe put the Swiſs porters at the *pont-tournant* (turning-bridge) to death, as well as all they could find in the gardens and elſewhere: they then ſet fire to the *caſernes* (barracks) in the Carouſal, and afterwards got at the wine in the cellars of the Chateau, all of which was immediately drank: many citizens were continually bringing into the National Aſſembly, jewels, gold, louis d'ors, plate, and papers, and many thieves were, as ſoon as diſcovered, inſtantly taken to lamp irons and hanged by the ropes which ſuſpend the lamps. This timely ſeverity, it is ſuppoſed, ſaved Paris from an univerſal pillage.—Fifty or ſixty Swiſs were hurried by the populace to the Place de Gréve, and there cut to pieces.

At about three o'clock in the afternoon every thing was tolerably quiet, and I ventured out for the firſt time that day.

The whole of the foregoing account is taken from verbal information, and from all the French papers that could be procured. Although I was not an eye-witneſs, I was however an ear-witneſs of the engagement, being only half a mile diſtant from it.

An Explanation of an ancient Engliſh Cuſtom.

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

THE uſage of which W. of St. Auſtle, in the Entertainer of February 25, enquires the origin, although at one time univerſally prevalent, is at preſent I believe nearly extinguiſhed and rarely to be met with in any part of the kingdom.

With our Saxon anceſtors *wæs hæl* were the familar words by which the valiant chieftain, or hardy yeoman, when he held the bowl of refreſhment in his hand, ſaluted his friend, and were ſynonimous with what in modern days we ſhould term, wiſhing him health and proſperity.

In proceſs of time the bowl with which the gueſts at an entertainment were regaled, from this circumſtance, by imperceptible degrees, acquired the diſtinguiſhing appellation of *wæs hæl*; and as conviviality tends not only to diſpel the gloomy affections of the mind, but alſo to reſtore harmony and good fellowſhip, by reconciling animoſities and aſſuaging the violence of anger; theſe our honeſt forefathers (from whom it muſt with regret be

 acknowledged,

acknowledged, that this is not the only instance in which we have degenerated); these, who are frequently, though most unjustly, stigmatized by the votary of modern refinement, as a race of cruel, unlettered, illiberal savages, instituted an annual ceremony similar, for the most part, to that described by your correspondent, *intending that whatever quarrels or animosities might subsist in the neighbourhood they should, on the production of the wæs hæl bowl, expire with the year.* A custom founded in genuine philanthropy, and worthy the most polished nation!

To many of your readers, who may not be furnished with the assistance requisite for antiquarian researches, it will, perhaps, afford some entertainment, if I should say something on the introduction of *wæs mæl* and *drinc hæl*, as terms of convivial salutation.—The most common opinion is, that Rowena, the daughter of Hengist, in accosting Vortiger, to whom she was introduced at a banquet, first made use of the term; her salutation being, *loverd Kyng wæs hæl* (health my Lord King); and that the British Monarch replied, by an interpreter, *drinc hæl* (drink health), an expression of assent and reciprocal good wishes. In support of this Geoffrey, of Monmouth, and Robert, of Gloucester, are usually cited: the latter, describing the impassioned manner in which Vortiger received this salutation, says, that he

Kuste hire, and sitte hire adoune, and glad dronke hire heil,
And that was tho in this land the verst was hail.

But though this may be considered as the origin of it in Britain, yet it is evident, from the literal signification of the words, that they must have been long before used among the Saxons to express their good wishes towards each other.—They are in fact no other than a transposition of *hæl wæs*, which, in the Saxon version of the Gospels, is used as synonymous with the Greek *chaire*, and the Latin *ave*—All hail.

It seems to have been a very ancient practice among the Britons to introduce the year with a ceremony which bears a striking analogy to that of which we have been treating. At the commencement of every year the Druids, forming a procession, and attended by a vast concourse of people, betook themselves to the woods in quest of the misletoe; which having found they considered it as a fortunate and happy presage of the ensuing year, and accordingly demonstrated their thankfulness and joy by offering sacrifices, feasting, carousing, and banqueting together.

Pliny, the naturaliſt, informs us, that the druids held nothing more ſacred than the miſletoe, and the oak on which it grew. He thinks it not improbable that they derived the appellation of druids from the Greek word *drus*, ſignifying an oak. He mentions two very different caſes in which the miſletoe was deemed particularly efficacious, theſe were ſterility and poiſon. For the entertainment of the Engliſh reader I will tranſlate the account of the ceremony uſed at gathering the miſletoe, as given by my author in the 44th chapter of the 16th book of his Natural Hiſtory. It is, ſays he, rarely to be met with, and when found is gathered with the greateſt reverence. The neceſſary preparations for ſacrifice and a banquet being made under the tree, two white bulls, with their horns, then for the firſt time bound with fillets, are led forward. The prieſt, clothed in a white garment, aſcends the tree, and with a golden hook or ſickle ſevers the ſacred branch, which is received in a white mantle. The victims are then ſacrificed, and prayers offered up that God would be pleaſed to render this gift propitious to thoſe on whom he had beſtowed it.

This cuſtom, as may be ſuppoſed, was not confined to Britain, but traces of it were in the laſt century to be met with in ſome other countries of Europe, particularly in France, where ſeveral authors inform us it was uſual for the young villagers, at the commencement of every year, to aſſemble in a convivial manner, and ſalute their neighbours with "*Au guy l' an neuf*," which Menage and others tranſlate, "To the miſle this new year."

I cannot cloſe this without expreſſing a wiſh that the attention of your correſpondents was oftener engaged on the ſubject of antiquities, and more particularly thoſe of their native land. I may, perhaps, be accuſed of partiality for a favourite ſtudy, but though I cannot altogether diſclaim this principle, yet the many advantages that have already been derived from this branch of ſtudy, will certainly bear me out in maintaining that, when properly purſued, it is not only productive of the higheſt degree of pleaſure to the ſtudent, but alſo, in many caſes, of infinite utility to the public at large. The numerous and very able defenders of antiquarian purſuits that have lately appeared, and the many great characters who by their learned diſquiſitions have contributed to raiſe theſe ſtudies from the low ebb to which they were at one time reduced, render it unneceſſary, or rather impoſſible, for me to add any thing in vindication of the ſubject. It is no longer to be regarded as an object fit only to be purſued by low and groveling minds, but as allow-

ing a field for the display of taste and erudition, worthy the cultivation of the gentleman and the scholar.

I am, Sir, your's,

A. B.

Exeter, March 5, 1793.

ANECDOTES *of the* RULING PASSION.

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

THE late Mr. Jonathan Tyers, the proprietor of Vauxhall Gardens, when on his death bed, and finding himself almost at the last gasp, yet in the entire possession of his senses, caused himself to be taken out of his bed, wrapped up warmly, placed in an arm-chair, and carried round the gardens; being set down at short distances, that he might take a deliberate and final leave of that spot, which had for so many years been the object of his fondest attention. It is very probable that this exertion accelerated his death; but, however that may be, the writer of this article happened to visit the gardens that same night, and was informed by the waiters that Mr. Tyers was then dead, and that he had made this circuit about five o'clock that afternoon. This was on Friday, June the 26th, 1767.

The celebrated Hume, two or three days before his death, in a letter to a friend, expressed the greatest anxiety about some corrections in his "History of England." His friend, in his answer, (as if to intimate his opinion how much more suitable subjects should have employed the dying moments of a philosopher) enquired what were the sentiments which he then entertained respecting certain important points of religion and morals. But the enquiry was useless: Hume died before the letter could reach him.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

AN OLD CORRESPONDENT.

Clapham, May 17, 1792.

AN ANECDOTE.

THE person of Pepin, King of France, the father of the Emperor Charlemagne, was so far from having any thing

thing majestic in it, that it was rather the contrary. In point of stature, we are told, that he wanted six inches of five feet, whence he was surnamed the Short; but, in regard to size, he was of such a make, as procured him likewise the appellation of Pepin the Fat. The monk of St. Gal, among many idle stories, has preserved one of this Prince, which most of the historians have transcribed, and which indeed ought to be preserved. Pepin had been informed, that some of his commanders had made themselves merry with his person: he invited them, therefore, to a spectacle at Ferriers, which, in that age, was not uncommon. This was a combat between a lion and a bull. The King was seated on his throne, and all his great officers about him, when the beasts were let out. The lion immediately leaped out upon the bull, and brought him to the ground, and was on the point of strangling him. "Which of you," said Pepin, "will make that beast let go his prey?"—His great Lords gazed in silence. "That task must be mine," added Pepin; and, descending from his royal seat, he advanced with his sword drawn, directly towards the beasts. The lion, turning his eyes toward him, began to raise himself upon the bull, when, at a single blow, the King divided the head from the body. As he returned to his throne, he said, without any emotion, "David was a little man, and yet he triumphed over Goliath; Alexander too was a little man, but his arm was stronger, and his heart more intrepid, than those of many of his Captains, who were taller and handsomer than he."—We may, from these remarks, with great certainty infer, that this founder of the second race of French Kings had great personal merit, and might, therefore, have deserved a more honourable inscription than that which is placed upon his tomb, "*Cy gist le pere de Charlemagne.*"—"Here lies the father of Charlemagne." It is true, this second race are styled Carlovingians; but it is not decided, whether in honour of Charles Martel, the father of Pepin, or of Charles the Great, his son. Be that as it will, Pepin atchieved what the one left imperfect, and opened that path to glory, which the other pursued with so much applause.

Answer, by J. Collins, of Uffculm, to Furze Stub's Charade, inserted December 17.

WHAT you so curiously conceal'd,
Is SQUAB-PIE, which I have reveal'd.

 Answer,

Anſwer, by E. Giddy, of Truro, to J. Bulgin's Rebus, inſerted December 31.

SCHOOLMASTER is the art you mean,
As your initials do explain.

*** We have received the like anſwer from James Traer, and Andrew Stephens, of Truro.

Anſwer, by J. Collins, of Uffculm, to J. Taylor's Anagram, inſerted December 31.

A *Kiln's* the place where ſmoke aſcends,
And *Link* is ſure the candle;
Expunge the (*L*), it ſoon explains,
That *Kin's* the next you'll handle.

Tranſpoſe once more, you'll INK declare,
That us'd throughout the nation;
And laſtly, 'tis a king I find
That has a lofty ſtation.

A QUESTION, *by Walter Kelly, of Exeter.*

A Farmer lent his friend, out of his hay-ſtack, 20 feet of hay, in length, breadth, and depth; and his friend returned 10 feet at one time, and 10 at another.—The queſtion is, What is the ballance, and who the debtor?

An ENIGMA, *by T. Croggon, of Grampound.*

HEAR my ſad and mournful tale,
Oh ſympathetic friend;
And if you can conveniently
Some kind aſſiſtance ſend.

My mother hid me in a couch,
And kept me ſafely there,
I had no threat'ning foe to dread,
Nor enemy to fear.

I dwell

I dwell in eaſe, and was ſecured
 From each injurious hand;
Nor would the loftieſt monarch ſay,
 That he could me demand.

That ſtate did ſuit my nature well,
 For there I thriv'd and grew;
Each one will readily allow,
 The aſſertion to be true.

But ſhort and tranſient was the time,
 Allotted me to dwell,
Within that undiſturb'd abode,
 As mournfully I tell.

Altho' I've been oblig'd to quit
 That unmoleſted ſeat;
Yet ſtill I have a reſidence,
 Both elegant and neat.

The wall of which is white as wool,
 Alſo compleatly clean;
So, gentlemen, you cannot deem
 My habitation mean.

I'm ſtill conceal'd from human views,
 Hidden from ſharpeſt ſight;
Unleſs my houſe is broken thro',
 I can't be brought to light.

But num'rous enemies I have,
 Which ſeek me for their food;
I am eſteem'd by all my foes
 To be exceeding good.

My curious fabrick they'll deſtroy,
 To rob me of my ſtore;
They'll make myſelf an eaſy prey,
 Oh! What can they do more?

Reader, perhaps, thou would'ſt be glad
 To ſup on me to night;
Now the foregoing lines peruſe,
 And ſend the anſwer right.

POETRY.

P O E T R Y.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Irregular Stanzas on the Death of Louis the Sixteenth.

HARK! the murderous deed is o'er,
  How the hell-hounds grin applauſe;
Savage nature can no more,
  Revenge! Revenge a monarch's cauſe!

God of Vengeance! to thy throne,
  Loud appeals his guiltleſs blood;
Angels heard the dying groan;
  Angels ſaw the purple flood.

Bright and pure, thy evening ſun
  Cloudleſs ſets, ſerene and fair;
Now thy mortal race is run,
  All thy ſorrows ended here.

Cherubs waft his gentle ſpirit
  Thro' the ſoft and liquid air
To that Heaven, which all inherit,
  Whoſe deeds on earth approved are.

Britons! loyal, juſt, and free,
  Ever ready, always brave;
Man your navy—put to ſea—
  'Tis the Bourbon race to ſave.

Earth ſickens at the preſent times,
  Religion's fled the guilty land;
All nature mourns at Gallic crimes,
  Crimes committed by their hand.

With thy arm, Great God, defend!
  With flaming ſword our battles fight!

Before

Before thy throne we humbly bend,
To ſupplicate thy aid and might.

Wincanton. J. H.

THE CAPTIVE KING.

Lately ſung in the Oratorio at Covent Garden Theatre.

The avowed Production of Dr. WOLCOT, the ingenious PETER PINDAR.

RECIT.—INCLEDON.

DEAD is the dream of life that calm'd my care,
And dimm'd the dream of hope that charm'd deſpair!
Yet let my ſoul be firm—paſs one ſhort hour,
And Louis ſcorns the arm of ruffian pow'r!

SONG.

Adieu, thou partner of my woes,
Where ſpectred ſilence reigns around;
And nought awakes the dread repoſe,
But moans that deep with horror ſound.

" No more theſe walls my grief ſhall hear,
" And to a captive King reply;
" Where morning roſe upon his tear,
" And night deſcended on his ſigh.

" Forbear, my love, theſe drops to ſhed,
" And joy to think my woes ſhall ceaſe:
" Lo! when the vale of death I tread,
" I wander from the ſtorm to peace!"

Ye too, my idol babes, farewell!
Like me, whoſe tender forms may bleed;
The gloomy crimes of murder ſwell,
While Nature ſhudders at the deed.

Yet know, we only fall to riſe,
And ſtart to glory from the duſt;
To claim alliance with the ſkies,
The ſacred refuge from th' unjuſt!

My ſpirit, lo! for your's ſhall wait:
Together we ſhall ſeek that ſhore,

Where ſorrow dies, and ruthleſs Fate
Can give the parting pang no more!

CHORUS.

Go, injur'd King, with ſeraphs ſhine,
Behold, a brighter crown is thine!
And ſee appear with gladden'd eyes,
A hoſt to hail thee 'midſt the ſkies.

N. B. The ſtanzas with inverted commas are omitted in the performance.

CHARITY.

OH, Charity! our helpleſs Nature's pride,
Thou friend to him who knows no friend beſide;
Is there in morning's breath, or the ſweet gale,
That ſteals o'er the tir'd pilgrim of the vale,
Cheering, with fragrance freſh, his weary frame,
Aught like the influence of thy holy flame?
Is aught in all the beauties that adorn
The azure heaven, or purple lights of morn?
Is aught ſo fair in evening's lingering gleam,
As from thine eye the meek and penſive beam,
That falls, like ſaddeſt moonlight, on the hill
And diſtant grove, when the wide world is ſtill?
Thine are the ample views that unconfin'd,
Stretch to the utmoſt walks of human kind;
Thine is the ſpirit, that with wideſt plan,
Brother to brother binds, and man to man.

Warminſter. J. S——D.

Epitaph on a Soldier of the Name of Prior.

STOP trav'ller, pay the tribute of a tear,
For lo a Minden hero layeth here;
Prior his name, who many times and oft
Moſt bravely conquer'd, for he bravely fought;
Nor ever yielded till his life forſook him,
Death by the liver* having took him.

* He died of a liver complaint.